

RELIGIOUS READING.

WILL KEEP HIS OWN.

I do not know whether my future lies
Through calm or storm;
Whether the way is strewn with broken ties,
Or friendships warm.

This much I know: Where'er the pathway trod,
All else unknown,
I shall be guided safely on, for God
Will keep his own.

Clouds may obscure the sky and drenching rain
Wear channels deep;
And haggard want, with all her bitter train,
Make angels weep.

And those I love the fondest, 'neath the sod
May rest alone;
But through it all I shall be led, for God
Will keep his own.

—Sarah K. Bolton, in N. Y. Independent.

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.
Oct. 31—Jesus Hides..... John 20:1-19
Nov. 7—Thomas Confesses..... John 20:26-29
Nov. 14—Peter Restored..... John 21:1-19
Nov. 21—Walking in the Light..... 1 John 1:1-9
Nov. 28—John's Vision of Christ..... Rev. 1:1-16
Dec. 5—Worshipping God..... Rev. 1:10-17
Dec. 12—The Saints in Heaven..... Rev. 1:18-20
Dec. 19—The Great Invitation..... Rev. 22:1-5
Dec. 26—Review: Christmas Exercises, Missionary, Temperance or other Lesson selected by the school.

CHRISTIAN ANGER.

It Is Like the Summer Storm, Beginning
With Lightning Flashes But Ending in
Showers of Tears.

Christian anger is without sin. It is anger like that of the Saviour who wept over Jerusalem though He had doomed it to destruction. Read what Mark reports of His interview with the Pharisees in the synagogue when He healed the man with the withered hand. "And when He had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts." Angry and yet sorry; indignant at their formality and hypocrisy, yet sad because He loved their souls and would rather save them than punish them. Such was the Spirit of Christ toward the chief sinners, and such should be ours.

We have two other passages that teach us what Christ's idea of anger was. In that beautiful sermon on the Mount, where He tells us so much about mercy and forgiveness, about turning the other cheek when we are smitten, He says: "Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment" (Matt. v. 22). Why did He put the words "without a cause?" If all anger is wrong those words are superfluous and misleading. Do they not teach that there are circumstances which justify our being angry even with a brother? Again, in the parable of the Great Supper, Christ said, when the servants returned with the excuses of the invited guests: "Then the master of the house, being angry," "The master here represents the Saviour Himself. He is angry, justly angry with those who scorn His love. But His anger does not lead Him to retaliation and revenge. It leads Him to send out into the highway and hedges for the poor, the maimed, the halt and the blind.

The trouble with our anger is that it is largely selfish. We experience very little holy indignation until some injustice or insult touches us. Then our passions are aroused to rebel and to avenge. We nurse the anger, which in its first instinctive upsurge is right, until it becomes a malevolent passion—until we hate the wrong-doer as well as the evil deed. It is this tendency in anger to spread like a fire until it consumes all that is beautiful, and leaves desolation in its track, of which Paul warns the Ephesians. He writes to them: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Starke says, the meaning here is: "Anger must not be taken to bed with us, and allowed to go to sleep with us, lest it become hatred." If the anger is Godlike, Christlike, there is no danger of this. Such anger glows, but it does not burn. We love our enemies, and would gladly do good unto them even when we hate their evil ways, and the more indignant we are with their vices or their crimes the more anxious we are to save them. Divine anger—Christian anger—is like the summer storm. It begins with thunder-peals and lightning flashes, but it ends in showers of tears. Such anger is holy. It stimulates to fidelity. A Christian who is never angry in this world so full of meanness and malice, of fraud, hypocrisy and cruelty, is sadly wanting in sympathy with his Lord. His passionless apathy is an evidence not of piety and growth in grace, but of laziness, selfishness and cowardice. He does not want to resist evil, like a soldier of the cross, but to be carried in ambulance, in the rear of the sacramental host. There is no better evidence of spiritual health than righteous indignation.—The Interior.

WORRY AND WORRIERS.

The Foolishness and Uselessness of Searching
for Life's Dark Spots—An Unchristian Habit.

The hardest burden of life is not its labor. The human system can stand an immense deal of work and fatten on it. Honest toil toughens and strengthens the body which keeps busy at it. It invigorates the mind and inspirits the soul in proportion as it keeps mind and soul and body out of mischief. But, alas for the worriers! Alas for the people who worry themselves by piling up great mountains of imaginary difficulties and then insisting on sitting in sorrow and wondering how the difficulties shall ever be overcome! Alas for the men and women who, not having worries enough of their own to gratify their morbid propensity for worrying, launch worry after worry at friend, and neighbor, and kinsman, sending the malaria of misery from face to face and from heart to heart!

Perhaps there are worries which are necessary. If so they are few. If the wolf of hunger is howling at the door, worrying about him will not keep him out. If position is unsteady and employment precarious, worrying will neither secure the tenure of the old place nor make a new engagement easier to obtain. If disaster is expected to lover, or relation, or helper, or friend, worrying will never ward it off. If the heavens are expected to fall, worry-

ing over the anticipated tumble will not prop things up. If tempests are brewing, or conflagrations about to rage, worrying will neither stay the storm nor quench the violence of the flames. The worrying people have all their trouble for nothing, and worse than nothing. They lose the sunshine of life by insisting on groping in the shadow, while, by preferring to flounder in the mire of mental and spiritual dyspepsia, they debar themselves the privilege of walking the King's highway of joy, which is provided for the trusting souls who cheerfully wait on the Lord and believe His promises.

If the worrying people would confine their worries to themselves, the world would be the better for it. If they could be content to go into dark garrets and do their worrying all alone, other people might be spared the dismal infliction. But they have no fancy for doing this. The worry-worry must go on in the presence of others, to whom it becomes contagious. The cheerless soul who lives on worries begins the worry business very early in the day; at breakfast, for instance. With no particular intent to rob others of the enjoyment of their meal, and yet with a manner which can not fail of that result, he recounts the evil dreams of the night, the sad experience of indignation and consequent misery. Instead of expressing thankfulness that the morning sun has driven away the ugly dream of midnight darkness, he puts on such an expression of countenance as to indicate the probable recurrence of the dreams and the indignation for all the nights that are yet to come. Perhaps this worry proceeds from heavy pie, perhaps from lobster salad, or perhaps from injudicious dosing with quack medicines. In either case Satan uses it as a weapon with which to floor the worrying person and to carry unholy gloom among his circle of friends. The worrying woman entertains her hearers with narrations of the shortcomings of the nurse, the unreliability of the washerwoman, or the unfaithfulness of the cook. Some of these worries are always worrying about the incapacity of their servants, and seem to be afflicted with the most helpless lot of so-called help ever foisted on luckless householders. The worst of the worrying is that the people who devote themselves to it take such a hopeless view of the future. Because something has gone wrong yesterday or to-day, it seems to them that to-morrow and all the days between that and the day of judgment will be as unlucky and as cheerless.

Much of this worry business is the result of ill-health. Much of the prevailing ill-health is the result of what might be avoided or mended. It would be rash to say that all invalids are able to rouse themselves from their invalidity and suddenly become cheerful and jolly. But there are many invalids who are exceedingly sweet and lovely. The most dismal worries are not always those who have the severest afflictions. Some who worry the most perversely are those who have very little the matter with them. Their worrying is more of a nuisance than a necessity; more of a habit than a means of relief. King David had as much to worry him as any of us can have. Instead of cultivating the habit he asked himself why he should be cast down; why his soul should be disquieted within him. Then he said he would hope in the Lord and trust Him. If our Christianity is of any advantage to us, it ought to do at least that much for us. Worrying will never, never do it: that every Christian may be assured.—Christian at Work.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

—Never think that you can make yourself great by making another less.
—Rev. J. Vaughan.

—If there is any great good in store for you, it will not come at the first or the second call, nor in the shape of fashion, ease, and city drawing-rooms.
—Emerson.

—Submission is the only reasoning between a creature and its Maker, and contentment in His will is the best remedy we can apply to misfortunes.
—Sir W. Temple.

—If it is mental to undertake anything you think beneath you for the sake of money; it is still more mental, having undertaken it, not to do it as well as possible.
—George MacDonald.

—Some men are human sponges that absorb all the good things of life they touch, but never give up anything they less they can not help doing it.
—Rev. L. A. Banks.

—What we call trouble is only God's key that draws our heart-strings true, and brings them up sweet and even to the Heavenly pitch. Don't mind the strain; believe in the note every time His finger touches and sounds it. If you are glad for one minute in the day, that is His minute; the minute He means and works for.
—A. D. T. Whitney.

—How often it is difficult to be wisely charitable; to do good without multiplying the sources of evil. To give alms is nothing unless you give thought also. It is written, not "blessed is he that feedeth the poor," but "blessed is he that considereth the poor." A little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.
—Ruskin.

—When our Divine Master says to us: "Cast your care on Me," He does not release us from legitimate duty or the joy of doing it. He aims to take the needless tire out of us by taking sinful anxiety out of our hearts, and putting the tonic of trust in its place. This glorious doctrine of trust is a wonderfully restful one to the overloaded. For let us remind ourselves again that it is not honest work that usually breaks God's children down.
—Standard.

—Praise is an act which is pre-eminently characteristic of the true child of God. The man who doth but pretend to piety will fast twice in the week, and stand in the temple and offer something like prayer; but to praise God with all the heart, this is the mark of true adoption, this is the sign of a heart renewed by Divine grace. We lack one of the surest evidences of pure love to God if we live without presenting praise to His ever blessed name.
—Spurgeon.

AT THE HAGUE.

Peccable Features of Holland's Capital
and Most Aristocratic City.

The Hague, called by the natives S'Gravenhage, can hardly be regarded as a characteristic Dutch city either in old or in a recent sense. It is a city of aristocracy, of the wealthy middle class, and not of eminence. Where its architecture is national it lacks something of the national character, and where it is really modern or cosmopolitan it is wanting in elegance. Its streets are narrow and crooked for the most part. Its open places, which are sometimes set with trees, occasionally laid out with shrubbery and flowerbeds in the Dutch fashion, but often paved with brick set up on edge and surrounded by old and unattractive buildings, which partly atone by their number and spaciousness for their lack of more pleasing qualities. There is an air of solemnity about the place more marked since the shortening of the days and the first premonitions of autumn. The grass keeps its intense greenness, but the trees begin to show an ominous yellowness of leaf. The skies are often leaden. The sun is seen rarely, and never in the plenitude of its splendor, and there is little in the life of the place to lend an artificial radiance to the universal gloom.

There are few noisy vehicles to waken discordant echoes. There are street cars of the American pattern winding their sinuous way through the tortuous streets, giving a little movement and making distant neighborhoods more accessible. There are a few fashionable shops. The others are small, and their business is carried on without noise or bustle. The cafes are neither numerous nor handsome, and their patrons, whether they consume coffee or beer, seldom indulge in hilarity.

The colors worn in Holland are generally black, which befits the gravity of the people and harmonizes with sky and landscape, and the inhabitants of The Hague have a stronger prejudice even than their compatriots of other amphibious districts against bright colors. What would be the use of putting on summer apparel one day to take it off and lay it away permanently in the clothes-press the next. They have, if possible, a little more than the average natural thinness and severity of feature, and they only smile when something occurs that is indisputably amusing. Nevertheless there are at The Hague some handsome hotels; there are houses that are called palaces, one of which was occupied by Motley while pursuing his historical studies, and there is the "Wood," not over-very well kept, which shelters a mansion that has been compared to the Little Trianon. There are Frenchmen even who have not hesitated to mention The Hague in the same breath with Versailles, that type and standard of French magnificence. Yet something of a gulf yawns between the two localities. The city shows its tendency to differ from other Holland towns in many respects. It is about two miles from the shore of the North Sea, with which it is connected by canals, which are only permitted to come in on the seaward side and not to penetrate the aristocratic quarters. The country people come in on their simple craft, sell their produce and depart, and the fashionable residents are not aware that they have come and gone.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

WHAT JIM WANTED.

An Encounter Between a Fireman and His Engineer's Wife.

Young fireman (after knocking at door of engineer's house, nervously)—
Are you the wid— I mean, are you—
Engineer's wife (savage)—Am I what?

"Are you Jim?"
"No, I am not Jim."

"I mean Mr. Jim Brannigan's wife?"

"Well, what if I am? Haven't you a tongue in your head?"

"Yes'm—but I didn't hanker after such an errand."

"Out with it! Do you think there's no end to a body's patience? Why didn't Jim come himself?"

"He couldn't, ma'am—that is—the last word Jim spoke, ma'am, he said—"

"The last word Jim spoke?" (upper register and still ascending.) He's gone and got smashed and sent a fool like you up here to tell me, has he?"

"But, ma'am," (dropping box wrapped in a paper, then, with great trepidation, picking it up again.)

"I'll bet you've got Jim in that cigar-box—or what piece there's left of him; he always said he'd be brought home in a cigar-box some day, the gaol!"

"But, ma'am—"

"Don't 'but' me, you goat!" (Desperately)—"Really and truly, it ain't Jim!"

"Now, don't lie to me! Give me the box—I can tell if there's a piece of him left as big as a jack-knife."

(Seizing box and tearing it open)—
"Well, if this ain't enough to try the patience of a meeting-house full of saints! Two of Jim's dirty shirts! Wants 'em washed, I suppose! Just like Jim to fool with his wife's feelings this way—and there's two thousand dollars insurance on his life if there's a cent! Why didn't you speak out and not make a mess of it?"

"You didn't give me a chance, ma'am (retreating). But Jim's last words was, as he left for a week off with his chum: 'Tell the old woman,' says he (still retreating), 'not to wash one of them buttons off, or I'll'—"

"Oh, he will, will he?"

The imprudent race between an armed woman with a mop and a young fireman armed with fear, the latter came off winner by a length.—Drake's Travelers' Magazine.

"My dear," remarked Mr. Topnoody to his wife, after a little domestic jar, "a fool is not the worst thing in the world."

"Possibly not, Topnoody," she replied, shortly. "On the contrary, my dear," he continued, "I think a fool is more sinned against than sinning, and that he is many respects a superior person, and—"

"Self-praise is half scandal, Topnoody," she interrupted. "and I wouldn't say any more if I was you."

He didn't.—Washington Critic.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A Presbyterian Church built from petrified wood found in Allen's creek is one of the curiosities of Mumford, N. Y. Leaf and moss fossils are to be plainly seen in the stone.

—Miss Susannah Whitney has resigned after fifty years of teaching in the New York public schools. She was principal for forty-five years and thirty-five years in one institution.—N. Y. Tribune.

—The new people's palace in London will probably be one of the largest technical schools in the world. The buildings are designed to accommodate nearly twenty thousand students.—N. Y. Graphic.

—The International Sunday-school Executive Committee at its meeting at Chautauqua fixed upon Chicago as the place, and June 1-3, 1897, as the time, for holding the next international triennial Sunday-school convention.

—According to the *Missionary Review* it appears that during the last year 155,553 members were added to churches on missionary ground, which is only 28,404 less than accessions to the churches in all Christendom, with their manifold advantages.

—The Massachusetts Baptist State convention has engaged one of the most successful pastors in the State, Rev. O. D. Thomas, of Brockton, as a general evangelist. They have also secured the temporary services of Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt, accompanied by his singer, Mr. Birdsall, and Rev. H. G. DeWitt, D. D. It is hoped, through these evangelists, to bring the gospel to many small churches and distant localities.

—The total number of school children in Prussia is 5,500,000, of whom 4,800,000 visit the public schools. There is on an average one teacher for every 78 children, the total being 700,000 teachers in more than 33,000 elementary schools. In the province of Silesia 108 children are on an average instructed by one teacher. Among the languages spoken by the school children of Prussia in various districts, besides German, are Danish, Lithuanian, Czech, Polish, Walloon and Dutch.

—Anglican missionaries in the diocese of Maritzburg, South Africa, claim that the great sin of the Kafirs is idleness. What work is done falls on the shoulders of the women, and they don't work three months out of the twelve. When the people are not off to a beer drinking they are stretched out in the sun, idling their time away. They don't, it seems, like to go to church any better than they like to work. Sometimes the impatient missionary will have to wait for his congregation more than an hour, even after a messenger has been sent for them.

HUMAN CUPIDITY.

An Offensive and Yet Amusing Exhibition of Contemptible Selfishness.

The cupidity and avarice of human nature are often revealed in court records, and it is surprising how trifling a matter will sometimes lead men to "go to law." But one of the most common and offensive exhibitions of selfishness in our courts is the legal contests over property that has been left by will, or if not so devised, makes contention among the heirs at law. Here is an admirable caricature of the cupidity that is often shown in such cases:

A village lawyer found his office half-filled one morning with a motley assemblage of men and women from a neighboring town, who were talking so excitedly that it was some time before he could learn what was the object of their visit.

Finally an old man succeeded in making himself heard.

"It's 'bout a little prop'ty," squire, that's been left by my dead deceased cousin, Amasa Ketting."

"He was my own uncle!" cried a tall woman, sharply.

"And my dead-an'-gone husband's half-brother!" said another.

"He was own cousin to me!" shouted an old lady, excitedly.

"The prop'ty he left, squire, occasions some little misunderstanding 'mong his kin that's left to weep an' to mourn," said the old man, in comical solemnity.

"Please state the case," said the lawyer.

"And if you don't tell it straight, you'll hear from me!" came from the depths of a big gingham sun-bonnet in a corner of the room.

"Well," began the old man, "Cousin Amasa was a bachelor, an' he didn't leave no will. He lived round 'mong his kin, but mostly with me, an'—"

"Silas Bean, you know that aint so! He was at my house four months an' three weeks an' four days at one time!" came from the sun-bonnet.

"He allus tuk his Sunday dinners with us," said a tall, old man, who had hitherto kept silence. "My wife was his own niece."

"He died at my house," came, in triumphant tones, from behind a crape veil.

"Yes, yes, but what about his estate?" asked the amused lawyer.

"His prop'ty, or estate, consists of about three acres of medder and woodland."

"Is that all?"

"It's enough to make me stand up for my rights!" came from the sun-bonnet.

"My children aint a-goin' to be cheated out of what's due 'em, if I can help it!" cried a short, stout man. "He was their great-uncle."

"The land has been appraised at a hundred dollars, an' what we want to know is how to divide the money up legally, if the land is sold?"

"It's got to be sold! I'm his nephew's widow, and I need my share right off."

"I figger my sheer up at six dollars and thirty-seven cents."

"I ought to have ten dollars even, but I'll take nine and a half rather than have a fuss."

"I'll never take less than fifteen dollars! He was my own uncle."

And no amicable settlement could be made, the heirs at law went to "law," and the lawyers got the estate, and more, too.—Youth's Companion.

ANALYZED and found free from poison—Red Star Cough Cure. Health Boards endorse it. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

If there is one thing that quicker than anything will drive a man to drink it is thirst.—L.A.

Especially to Women.
"Sweet is revenge especially to women," said the gifted, but naughty, Lord Byron. Surely he was in bad humor when he wrote such words. But there are complaints that only women suffer, that are carrying numbers of them down to early graves. There is hope for those who suffer, no matter how sorely, or severely, in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Safe in its action it is a blessing, especially to women and to men, too, for when women suffer, the household is askew.

THE clock makes no progress in its ceaseless march. It simply marks time.—Boston Transcript.

EVERY person is interested in their own affairs, and if this meets the eye of anyone who is suffering from the effects of a torpid liver, we will admit that he is interested in getting well. Get a bottle of Prickly Ash Bitters, use it as directed, and you will always be glad you read this item.

It is not surprising that people should get "stuck" on paste diamonds.—Merchant Traveler.

An Offensive Breath is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sago's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases as thousands can testify.

A HOTEL should never advertise that "it stands without a rival."—Farmer and Fifer.

For producing a vigorous growth of hair upon bald heads, use Hall's Hair Renewer. Every druggist will recommend Ayer's Hair Cure, for it is warranted to cure.

UMBRELLAS have a wide-spread popularity.

..... Organic weakness or loss of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Enclose 10 cents in stamps for book of particulars. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A SMALL country seat—The milktoot.—New Age.

In 1850 "Browne's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled. Price 25 cts.

A TRIAL balance—The baby's first run.—Hartford Times.

HOW INEXPENSIVE and yet how effective is Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

"Hot supe"—an angry scene-shifter.—Cleveland Sun.

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

WHERE does a buckboard?—Boston Herald.

FRAXER AXLE GREASE is the best in the world—will wear twice as long as any other.

A PITTSBURGH has taken out a patent for a machine to crimp flour bags. That's the right. Why shouldn't the flour bags wear crimps so long as the flour barrel has hoops?—Yonkers Statesman.

AN economical gentleman tells us that he gets for a drink of whisky is too much of a bar gain for him.—Lowell Citizen.

When the dentist takes his vacation he naturally selects the mouth of a river where there are plenty of snags.—Philadelphia Herald.

Is what profession is the greatest amount of ill-temper displayed? The medical; for the reason that doctors so often "get out of patients."

The man who marries his cousin may not hope for bliss unalloyed in his marital state. His happiness can only be relative.—Boston Transcript.

We received a basket of grapes the other day from a subscriber, with the request: "Please notice this on your inside." We have done so.—New Haven News.

THERE is a report around Jinks, that you have inherited a landed estate. "It is groundless, my dear fellow."

LIFE must indeed be a bug-bear to cause so many people to commit suicide with insect-powder.—N. Y. Star.

A HEALTHY journal declares that marble-top tables are unhealthy. May be that is what makes them so white.—New Haven News.

AN unmarried grocer must of necessity be behind the times because he has to mate to ketch up.—Life.

A CONDUCTOR can be polite to the ladies and at the same time knock down the fare.—Philadelphia Call.

LITTLE LILLIE—"Don't you think doctor, that I look just like my mamma?" Mother—"Hush, child, don't be vain."—N. Y. Telegram.

TAX-COLLECTOR—"Is Mr. Smith in to-day?" Smith—"No, sir. He is out (as tax-collector) at the elbow."

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So thoroughly identified with Hood's Sarsaparilla, is not a catch line only, but is absolutely true of this preparation; and it is as absolutely true that it can honestly be applied only to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is the very best tonic medicine and blood purifier. Now, reader, prove it. Take a bottle and measure its contents. You will find it to hold 100 teaspoonfuls. Now read the directions, and you will find that the average dose for persons of different ages is less than a teaspoonful. Thus economy and strength are peculiar to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have been in poor health several years, suffering from indigestion, restlessness in the night, and in the morning I would get up with a very tired feeling. After taking only a part of the first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla I could rest well all night and feel refreshed when I woke up. I must say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is all it is recommended to be." Mrs. H. D. WILKINS, 210 East Mason Street, Jackson, Mich.

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"I'll never take less than fifteen dollars! He was my own uncle."

And no amicable settlement could be made, the heirs at law went to "law," and the lawyers got the estate, and more, too.—Youth's Companion.

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and AGUE Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

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Price, \$1.00 per Bottle; Six Bottles for \$5.
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SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP.
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
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The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

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